

The Bondman

A....
Continued
Story.

By HALL CAINE.

CHAPTER IV.—(Continued.)
"Come, then," said Jason, "the guards have gone that way to Reykjavik. It's this way to Thingvellir—over the hill yonder, and through the Chasm of All Men, and down by the lake to Mount of Laws."
Then Jason wound his right arm about the waist of Sunlocks, and Sunlocks rested his left hand on the shoulder of Jason, and so they started out again over that gaunt wilderness that was once a sea of living fire. Bravely they struggled on, with words of courage and good cheer passing between them, and Sunlocks tried to be strong for Jason's sake, and Jason tried to be blind for sake of Sunlocks. If Sunlocks stumbled, Jason pretended not to know it, though his strong arm bore him up, and when Jason spoke of water and said they would soon come to a whole lake of it, Sunlocks pretended that he was no longer thirsty. Thus, like little children playing at make-believe, they tottered on, side by side, arm through arm, yoked together by a bond far tighter than ever bound them before, for the love that was their weakness was God's own strength.
But no power of spirit could take the place of power of body, and Sunlocks grew faint and very feeble.
"Is the sun still shining?" he asked at one time.
"Yes," said Jason.
Whereupon Sunlocks added, sadly, "And am I blind—blind—blind."
"Courage," whispered Jason, "the lake is yonder. I can see it plainly. We'll have water soon."
"It's not that," said Sunlocks, "but something else that troubles me."
"What else?" said Jason.
"That I am blind, and sick, and have a broken hand, a broken heart, and a broken brain, and am not worth saving."
"Lean heavier on my shoulder, and wind your arm about my neck," whispered Jason.
Sunlocks struggled on a little longer, and then the power of life fell low in him, and he could walk no farther.
"Let me go," he said, "I will lie down here awhile."
And when Jason had dropped him gently to the ground, thinking he meant to rest a little and then continue his journey, Sunlocks said, very gently:
"Now, save yourself. I am only a burden to you. Escape, or you will be captured and taken back."
"What?" cried Jason, "and leave you here to die?"
"That may be my fate in any case," said Sunlocks faintly, "so go, brother—go—farewell—and God bless you!"
"Courage," whispered Jason again. "I know a farm not far away, and the good man that keeps it. He will give us milk and bread; and we'll sleep under his roof tonight, and start afresh in the morning."
But the passionate voice fell on a deaf ear, for Sunlocks was unconscious before half the words were spoken. Then Jason lifted him to his shoulder once more, and set out for the third time over the rocky waste.
It would be a weary task to tell of the adventures that afterwards befell him. In the fading sunlight of that day he crossed trackless places, void of any sound or sight of life; silent, save for the horse croak of the raven; without sign of human foregoer, except some pyramidal heaps of stones, that once served as mournful sentinels to point the human scapegoat to the cities of refuge.
He came up to the lake and saw that it was poisonous, for the plovers that flew over it fell dead from its fumes; and when he reached the farm he found it a ruin, the good farmer gone, and his hearth cold. He toiled through mud and boggy places, and crossed narrow bridge paths along perpendicular sides of precipices. The night came on as he walked, the short night of that northern summer, where the sun never sets in blessed darkness that weary eyes may close in sleep, but a blood-red glow burns an hour in the northern sky at midnight, and then the bright rises again over the unrested world. He was faint for bread, and athirst for water, but still he struggled on—on—on—over the dismal chaos.
Sometimes when the pang of thirst was strongest he remembered what he had heard of madness that comes of it—that the afflicted man walks round in a narrow circle, round and round over the self-same place (as if the devil's bridle bound him like an unbroken horse) until nature fails and he faints and falls. Yet thinking of himself so, in that weary spot, with Sunlocks over him, he shuddered, but took heart of strength and struggled on.
And all this time Sunlocks lay inert and lifeless on his shoulder, in a deep unconsciousness that was broken by two moments of complete sensibility. In the first of these he said:
"I must have been dreaming, for I thought I had found my brother."
"Your brother?" said Jason.
"Yes, my brother, for I have got one, though I have never seen him," said Sunlocks. "We were not together in childhood, as other brothers are, but when we grew to be men I set out in search of him. I thought I had found him at last—but it was in hell."
"God-a-mercy!" cried Jason.
"And when I looked at him," said Sunlocks, "it seemed to me that he was you. Yes, you; for he had the face of my yoke-fellow at the Mines. I thought you were my brother indeed."
"Sit still, brother," whispered Jason; "he still and rest."
In the second moment of his consciousness Sunlocks said, "Do you think the judges will listen to us?"
"Nothing else?"
"Nothing."
"Who is this other man?" asked the Captain.
"What man?" said Greeba.
Then they told her that her husband was gone, having been carried off by a fellow-prisoner who had effected the escape of both of them.

"Yes, who is he?" the Captain asked. And Greeba answered, after a pause, "His own brother."
"We might have thought as much," said the Captain.
There was another pause, and then Greeba said, "Yes, his own brother, who has followed him all his life to kill him."
(To be continued.)

Botanical Experiments.
Some curious botanical experiments made at a zoological laboratory at Naples are reported by Hans Winkler. A flowerless aquatic plant, that grows normally with its roots in the sand and leaves in the water, was inverted, specimens being placed with the leaves buried in the sand and the roots floating in the water in strong light. The roots changed to stems and leaves, the buried parts became roots.

Pan American Congress.
The officials of the state department are encouraged in the hope that the Pan-American congress at Mexico will meet after all with a full attendance of the republics of the two continents. Exchanges now in progress are in such satisfactory shape that the department expects that Chile, on the one side, and Peru and Bolivia on the other, will compromise their difficulties.—Philadelphia Times.

Books Shut Out World.
I no sooner come into the library but I bolt the door to me, excluding Lust, Ambition, Avarice and all such vices, whose nurse is Idleness, the mother of Ignorance and Melancholy. In the very lap of eternity, among so many divine souls, I take my seat with so lofty a spirit and sweet content that I pity all that know not this happiness.—Heinsius.

Medal for Great Bravery.
William Allen, a workman in a patent fuel factory in Sunderland, has been given a gold medal as the bravest man in England during the year 1900. On March 15 of that year a fellow workman was overpowered by fumes in an empty still. Two rescuers also succumbed. Nevertheless, Allen insisted on being lowered into the still and eventually saved all three.

Vegetarian Objects to Vaccination.
A London physician called on a lady the other day to offer to vaccinate her child. The lady refused. "May I ask," said the doctor, "what your objection is?" The lady said she feared the transmission of disease. "But, madam," said the doctor, "we use the purest calf-lymph." "Then, Doctor," replied the lady, "that settles it, for we are vegetarians, you know."

Men Who Have Many Patents.
Thirty-eight inventors have taken out a hundred or more each of United States patents since the beginning of the year 1872. Mr. Edison leads all, with 742 patents; Professor Elihu Thomson is credited with 444 and Mr. Westinghouse and Sir Hiram S. Maxim both occupy high places on this roll of honor.

Initial "J" in Late Hourly-Burly.
It is noted that the initial letter J played a conspicuous part in the names of those who were to the fore in Wall street's recent hurly-burly. J. Pierpont Morgan, J. R. Keene, J. J. Hill, J. Stillman, J. Schiff, J. H. Moore, J. W. Gates, J. Loeb and George J. Gould are some of the more notable instances.

Growth of the Beard.
It has been calculated that the hair of the beard grows at the rate of one and a half lines a week. This will give a length of six and a half inches in the course of a year. For a man 80 years of age no less than twenty-seven feet of beard must have fallen before the edge of the razor.

Lady Educator's Honorable Position.
Miss Beale has been elected to the senate of the University of London as a member of its matriculation board, having received the largest number of votes of the seventeen candidates for the position. Miss Beale is the founder and principal of the Ladies' College, Cheltenham.

Soap Factories in Barcelona.
In the province of Barcelona in Spain there are over 100 soap factories, including the extensive works of the firm of Rocamora Hermanos, which are among the largest soap factories of Europe. Their soap is manufactured almost exclusively for export, Cuba being the best market.

Former Minister to China.
Colonel Charles Lenby, former minister to China, is said to have a knowledge of the Chinese language and literature equalled by few persons in this country. He speaks the higher sort of Chinese dialects almost as a native and reads the language quite as well as he does English.

This Woman Practices Law.
Miss Mary Philbrook, New Jersey's first woman lawyer, appeared before the New Jersey court of errors and appeals recently to argue the case of a client. It was the first time in the history of this court that a woman appeared at its bar.

Woman Superintendent of Schools.
Miss Helen Bennett of Deadwood, S. D., has been elected a county superintendent of public schools. She is a graduate of Wellesley, and for several years has been manager of a theater in Deadwood.

Never put off till tomorrow the creditor you can put off for thirty days.

Weighty questions ask for deliberate answers.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"PROMPT ACTION" THE SUBJECT LAST SUNDAY.

"He That Observeth the Wind Shall Not Sow," Ecc. XI. 4.—The Courage of Convictions a Primary Virtue in Man—Be Bold for the Right.

(Copyright, 1901, by Louis Klopsch, N. Y.)
Washington, June 23.—From a passage of Scripture unobserved by most readers Dr. Talmage in this discourse shows the importance of prompt action in anything we have to do for ourselves or others; text, Ecclesiastes XI, 4, "He that observeth the wind shall not sow."
What do you find in this packed sentence of Solomon's monologue? I find in it a farmer at his front door examining the weather. It is seedtime. His fields have been plowed and harrowed. The wheat is in the barn in sacks ready to be taken afield and scattered. Now is the time to sow. But the wind is not favorable. It may blow up a storm before night, and he may get wet if he starts out for the sowing; or it may be a long storm, that will wash out the seed from the soil; or there may have been a long drought, and the wind may continue to blow dry weather. The parched fields may not take it up, and the labor as well as the seed may be wasted. So he gives up the work for that day and goes into the house and waits to see what it will be on the morrow. On the morrow the wind is still in the wrong direction, and for a whole week and for a month. Did you ever see such a long spell of bad weather? The lethargic and over-cautious dilatory agriculturist allows the season to pass without sowing, and no sowing, of course, no harvest. That is what Solomon means when he says in his text, "He that observeth the wind shall not sow."
Crisis Was Not Met.
There comes a dark Sabbath morning. The pastor looks out of the window and sees the clouds gather and then discharge their burdens of rain. Instead of a full church it will be a handful of people with wet feet and dripping umbrellas at the doorway at the end of the pew. The pastor has prepared one of his best sermons. It has cost him great research, and he has been much in prayer while preparing it. He puts the sermon aside for a clear day and talks platitudes and goes home quite depressed, but at the same time feeling that he has done his duty. He did not realize that in that small audience there were at least two persons who ought to have had better treatment. One of those hearers was a man in a crisis of struggle with evil appetite. A carefully prepared discourse under the divine blessing would have been to him complete victory. The fires of sin would have been extinguished, and his keen and brilliant mind would have been consecrated to the gospel ministry, and he would have been a mighty evangel, and tens of thousands of souls would have, under the spell of his Christian eloquence given up sin and started a new life, and throughout all the heavens there would have been congratulation and hosanna, and after many ages of eternity had passed there would be celebration among the ransomed of what was accomplished one stormy Sunday in a church on earth under a mighty gospel sermon delivered to 15 or 20 people. But the crisis I speak of was not properly met. The man in struggle with evil habit heard that stormy day no word that moved him. He went out in the rain uninvited and unhelped back to his evil way and down to his overthrow. Had it been a sunny Sabbath he would have heard something worth hearing. But the wind blew from a stormy direction that Sabbath day. That gospel husbandman noticed it and acted upon its suggestion and may discover some day his great mistake. He had a sack full of the finest of the wheat, but he withheld it, and some day he will find, when the whole story is told, that he was a vivid illustration of the truth of my text, "He that observeth the wind shall not sow."
Lacked Courage of Conviction.
Communities and churches and nations sometimes are thrown into hysteria, and it requires a man of great equipoise to maintain a right position. Thirty-three years ago there came a time of bitterness in American politics, and the impeachment of the president of the United States was demanded. Two or three patriotic men, at the risk of losing their senatorial position, stood out against the demand of their political associates and saved the country from that which all people of all parties now see would have been a calamity and would have put every subsequent president at the mercy of his opponents. It only required the waiting of a few months, when time itself removed all controversy.
"Let us have war with England if needs be," said the most of the people of our northern states in 1861, when Mason and Silldell, the distinguished southerners, had been taken by our navy from the British steamer Trent and the English government resented the act of our government in stopping one of their ships. "Give up those prisoners," said Great Britain. "No," said the almost unanimous opinion of the north. "Do not give them up. Let us have war with England rather than surrender them." Then William H. Seward, secretary of state, faced one of the fiercest storms of public opinion ever seen in this or any other country. Seeing that the retention of those two men was of no importance to our country and that their retention would put Great Britain and the United States into immediate conflict, he said, "We give them up." They were given up, and through the resistance of popular clamor by that one man a world-wide calamity was averted.

Some of us remember as boys huzzailing when Kossuth, the great Hungarian, rode up Broadway, New York. Most Americans were in favor of taking some decided steps for Hungary. The only result of such interference would have been the sacrifice of all good precedent and war with European nations. Then Daniel Webster, in his immortal "Hulsemann letter," braved a whirlwind of popular opinion and saved this nation from useless foreign entanglement. Webster did not observe the wind when he wrote that letter. So in state and church there have always been men at the right time ready to face a nation full—yea, a world full—of opposition.

Beware of Overprudence.
How many there are who give too much time to watching the weather vane and studying the barometer! Make up your mind what you are going to do and then go ahead and do it. There always will be hindrances. It is a moral disaster if you allow prudence to overmaster all the other graces. The Bible makes more of courage and faith and perseverance than it does of caution. It is not once a year that the great ocean steamers fail to sail at the appointed time because of the storm signals. Let the weather bureau prophesy what hurricane or cyclone it may, next Wednesday, next Thursday, next Saturday, the steamers will put out from New York and Philadelphia and Boston harbors and will reach Liverpool and Southampton and Glasgow and Bremen, their arrivals as certain as their embarkation. They cannot afford to consult the wind, nor can you in your life voyage.
The grandest and best things ever accomplished have been in the teeth of hostility. Consider the grandest enterprise of the eternities—the salvation of a world. Did the Roman empire send up invitation to the heavens inviting the Lord to descend amid vociferations of welcome to come and take possession of the most capacious and ornate of the palaces and sail Galilee with richest imperial flotilla and walk over flowers of Solomon's gardens, which were still in the outskirts of Jerusalem? No. It struck him with insult as soon as it could reach him. Let the camel drivers in the Bethlehem caravansary testify. See the vilest hat pursue him to the borders of the Nile! Watch his arraignment as a criminal in the courts! See how they belie his every action, misinterpret his best words, how at him with worst mobs, wear him out with sleepless nights on cold mountains! See him hoisted into a martyrdom at which the noonday cowered itself with midnight shadows, and the rocks shook into cataclysm, and the dead started out of their sepulcher, feeling it was no time to sleep when such horrors were being enacted.
Make Opportunities.
Young man, you have planned what you are going to be and do in the world, but you are waiting for circumstances to become more favorable. You are like the farmer in the text, observing the wind. Better start now. Obstacles will help you if you conquer them. Cut your way through. Peter Cooper, the millionaire philanthropist, who will bless all succeeding centuries with the institution he founded, worked for five years for \$25 a year and his board. Henry Wilson, the Christian statesman who commanded the United States senate with the gavel of the vice presidency, wrote of his early days: "Want sat by my cradle. I know what it is to ask a mother for bread when she has none to give. I left my home at ten years of age and served an apprenticeship of eleven years, receiving a month's schooling each year, and at the end of eleven years of hard work a yoke of oxen and six sheep, which brought me \$4. In the first month after I was 21 years of age I went into the woods, drove a team and cut mill logs. I arose in the morning before daylight and worked hard till after dark and received the magnificent sum of \$6 for the month's work. Each of those dollars looked as large to me as the moon looks tonight." Wonderful Henry Wilson! But that was not his original name. He changed his name because he did not want on him the blight of a drunken father. As the vice president stood in my pulpit in Brooklyn, making the last address he ever made, and commended the religion of Christ to the young men of that city, I thought to myself, "You yourself are the sublimest spectacle I ever saw of victory over obstacles." For thirty years the wind blew the wrong way, yet he did not observe the wind, but kept right on sowing.
Defy Your Antagonists.
The Earl of Alsatia, a favorite of Edward III. of England, had excited the jealousy of other courtiers, and one time, while the king was absent, they persuaded the queen to turn a lion loose in the court to test the earl's courage. The earl, rising at break of day, as was his custom, came into the courtyard and met the lion, and the jealous courtiers from the windows watched the scene. The lion, with bristling hair and a growl, was ready to spring upon the earl when he, undaunted, shouted to the monster, "Stand, you dog!" Then the lion crouched, and the earl took it by the mane and turned it back into the cage, leaving his handkerchief on the neck of the monster, and looking up in triumph to the jealous courtiers, who he knew were watching from the windows, cried out, "Let him among you all that prideth himself on his pedigree go and fetch that handkerchief." And you, young man, will find a lion in your way, perhaps turned loose by the jealousy of those who would enjoy your ruin. But in the strength of God make that lion crouch. By God's help you can do it and defy and challenge your antagonists. The Earl of Alsatia conquered the lion by stoutness of voice and the glare of eye, but you may overcome the lion with the proffered strength of an almighty arm and

The magistrate should obey the laws, the people should obey the magistrate.

It is a mistake to set up our own standard of right and wrong, and judge people accordingly.